

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME VI.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1857.

WHOLE NUMBER 286.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
JOHN W. BARNES.

Office, Washington street, third door below the Washington House.

Terms Invariably in Advance.

Taken at the office, or forwarded by mail, \$1.00
Delivered by the carrier in the village, 1.50
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No papers discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publisher.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One square (12 lines or less), first insertion, fifty
cents, twenty-five cents for each subsequent in-
sertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertise-
ments as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00	1 square 1 year, \$5.00
1 " 3 " 2.00	1 column 1 " 30.00
1 " 6 " 3.00	1 " 1-2 " 20.00

Advertisements unaccompanied with written or
verbal directions, will be published until ordered
out, and charged for. When a postponement is
added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publisher.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY-1857.

LAMONT MILLS,
LAMONT, OTTAWA COUNTY, MICHIGAN.
Thomas B. Woodbury, Proprietor.

Cash paid for wheat. [203 ft.]

AUGUSTUS W. TAYLOR,
Judge of Probate for Ottawa County.
Office, for the present, with the County Treas-
urer, Grand Haven, Mich.

Papers and business communications trans-
mitted to the Court, through favor of H. D. Post,
Holland, or left with Mr. Henry Brower, Grand
Haven, or John W. Barnes, Times Office, will re-
ceive prompt attention.

Court days, first and third Mondays of each
month.
Post office address, Ottawa Center, Ottawa Co.
Mich.

JAMES P. SCOTT, Clerk and Register of Ot-
tawa County, and Notary Public.

TIMOTHY FLETCHER, Treasurer of Otta-
wa County, and Notary Public.

CURTIS W. GRAY, Sheriff of Ottawa Coun-
ty.

M. B. HOPKINS, Prosecuting Attorney and
Circuit Court Commissioner, for Ottawa coun-
ty.

DENTISTRY.

DR. L. A. ROGERS, Surgeon Dentist, Office
in Dr. Shepard's New Block, Monroe street,
Grand Rapids, Mich., where he may be found
during business hours.

FERRY & WALLACE, Dealers in Fancy
Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hardware
and Groceries. Water street.

CUTLER & WARTS, Dealers in Fancy and
Staple Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crock-
ery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Wa-
ter street.

C. B. ALBEE, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries,
Provisions, Hardware, and Cutlery, Crockery,
Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Corner of Washing-
ton and Water streets.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groce-
ries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, etc., etc. Muskegon, Mich.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Commission Merchant
and General Agent, Dealer in Salt, Flour, Dry
and Green Fruits, Provisions, Family Groceries,
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, etc., etc., at his
old stand opposite the Washington House,
Grand Haven, Mich.

W. D. FOSTER & CO., Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in Hardware and Hollow-Ware, Iron, and
Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet Iron Ware,
foot of Monroe street, Grand Rapids Rapids,
Mich.

A. L. CHUBB, Manufacturer of Plows, Cultiva-
tors and Grain Cradles, and Dealer in all kinds
of Agricultural Implements and Machines.—
Agricultural Warehouse, Canal street, Grand
Rapids, Mich.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, and Solicit-
or in Chancery; also agent for obtaining Bounty
Lands, and collecting claims against the United
States, in connection with a general agency
at Washington. Office third door below the
Washington House.

GROSVENOR REED, Attorney and Counsel-
or at Law. All business entrusted to me will be
promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Resi-
dence, Charleston Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

**Ottawa Iron Works, Ferrysburg, Ot-
tawa County, Mich.**

WM. M. FERRY, Jr., Manufacturer of Station-
ary and Marine, high or low pressure En-
gines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass Castings.—
Post Office address, Grand Haven, Mich.

J. B. McNETT, Physician and Surgeon,
Office at the residence of Mr. Hiram Bean,
corner of Washington and Water streets, Grand
Haven, Mich.

Dr. McNett is now permanently located in this
village, and will attend to all calls in his profes-
sion. [275 ft.]

STEPHEN MUNROE, Physician and Sur-
geon. Office one door west of J. T. Davis' Tail-
or shop, Washington street.

FERRY & CO., Manufacturers of Lumber, and
Dealers in all kinds of Merchandise, Provisions,
Shingle Bolts, and Shingles.

THOS. W. FERRY,
NOAH H. FERRY.

White River, Ottawa Co., Mich.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington street, second door west of H. Grif-
fin's store.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forward-
ing and Commission Merchants, General Deal-
ers in all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain
and Provisions, Manufacturers and Dealers
wholesale and retail in all kinds of lumber. Mill
Point, Mich.

D. B. COMSTOCK, Architect and Civil Engi-
neer. Residence at Lamont (Steel's Landing)
Ottawa county Mich.

I'M GROWING OLD.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep,
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to mourn or weep,
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false or cold,
And yet of late, I often sigh—
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My longing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All tell me, in the plainest voice—
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old!

I feel it in my changing taste,
I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
I see it in my thinning hair,
A thousand hints proclaim the truth
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my haunted youth,
I'm growing old!

Ah, me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears,
And every boon the hours bequeath
But makes me debtor to the years;
E'en flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tells me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the year whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings,
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That taint the darkness of their wings!
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold;
Where all are blest, and none may sigh
I'm growing old!

WRONG SIDE OUTWARD, Or the difference between Cashmere and Calico.

"Did I tell you about it, Eunice?"
"About what?"
"My going to the city wrong side out-
ward."

"What do you mean?" said Eunice.
"Oh, I see you never heard the story, so I
will tell you. Two years ago I spent a few
weeks with my friends, the Wilmots, near
the city of A—. In the family there
were two young ladies who found it neces-
sary to do a great deal of shopping, and not
a little visiting in the city, and of course pa-
tronized the railroad connecting their little
village with the "Green Street Depot" to no
trifling extent.

"Now we shall see what a handsome and
gentlemanly conductor we have on this route,"
said Bell Wilmot to me, as I took a luxurious
cushion in a crowded car for the first miscel-
laneous trip to A—.

"He is my beau ideal of a conductor,"
added Kate; "let the car be ever so crowded,
he is sure to find a place for the ladies, and
never objects to our handboxes and carpet
bags as many ill-natured fellows, dressed in a
little brief authority, are apt to do; and if
our purses are short after a shopping ex-
cursion, he often—Kate's rhapsody was in-
terrupted by the starting of the train.

"We were whirled off to A— in about
twenty minutes, yet I had opportunity to no-
tice that the labeled official was indisputably
very considerate and attentive, at all events
to our party. He opened the window, which
was swollen by damp weather, at a look from
Kate, and ordered away a Dutchman, smok-
ing meekly upon the platform, into the bag-
gage car at a symptom of faintness from Bell.
I could but acknowledge that Fanny Fern
should add to her models "a model conduct-
or," taking this one for her original.

"Arrived at our destination, I was again
entertained with my friends' praises of the
various merchants and milliners they were
accustomed to patronize.

"I always purchase silks at Weaver's they
are so conscientious, and never try to palm
off an inferior article upon a customer. At
Mrs. Lasalle's you will find a superb assort-
ment of gloves and embroideries. The prop-
rietress is a reduced French Countess, and
one of the most lady-like persons you ever
saw," rattled Bell Wilmot.

"And if you wish to buy shoes, be sure
and call at Marvin's they are so accommodat-
ing, they never make wry faces, if you hap-
pen to break a string, or loose a clasp, or any
other such trifling accident," added Kate.

"This was enough, yet if I needed more
to convince me of the superior excellence of
these aristocratic shop keepers, that after-
noon's observation would have furnished it.
No sooner did the rich brocades and crapes,
and ribbons of the fair Miss Wilmot flutter
inside the shop door than every attendant,
from proprietor to errand boy proceeded to
don their most obsequious smiles and agree-
able development. It was not strange, Eu-
nice. The young ladies carried heavy purses,
and they were easily persuaded to lighten
them.

"The afternoon passed pleasantly and fa-
tigues enough, in chatting and shopping, in
shaking hands with old acquaintances, and
trying to bow gracefully to new introductions,
and on our return, amid many expressions of
satisfaction as our purchases were unrolled
and exhibited before Mrs. Wilmot and Aunt
Lucy, the girls forced me to confess that the
A— and G— conductor, far surpassed
any others in the known world.

"And so it was daily for the first fortnight
of my stay. At one time we called on a ce-
lebrated dentist for some trifling tooth opera-
tion. He was an acquaintance of Bell's and
she presented him to me as a friend. He
was very handsome and his voice and smile
captivating to one who could appreciate mu-
sic and sunshine. Eunice, I was amazingly
pleased with that man. I who am so fastid-
ious. I fancied him the impersonation of
skill and benevolence—the head and the
heart—the means and the end—glorious
combination for those who set themselves up
as the world's healers and teachers. He im-
pressed me as one of the few to whom science
may safely commit her priceless treasures,
sure that they would be used only for the
benefit of humanity. Ah, Eunice! I had
only seen the silken side!

"Pray go on," said Eunice.

"One rainy morning, I received a letter
from home, giving notice that my young sis-
ter was about to take a western tour with a
friend. "New dresses, of course, are requi-
site," wrote my mother, "and I wish you to
proceed and send them immediately." Then
followed a list of the articles needed.

"This letter had been longer than usual on
the route; that moment, I knew sister Lib,
amid a sympathizing concourse of waiting mil-
liners marveled at my long delay.

"The articles must be purchased that very
day, raining as it was, and moreover I must
go alone; for Bell and Kate had gone to bed
with their hair in curl papers, and novels un-
der their pillows. Toward noon the rain
abated, and I notified my friends of my de-
termination to go to A—. The young la-
dies started in astonishment.

"To-morrow I will be at your service said
Bell, "but to-day. Why you're crazy—look
at the clouds—you'll take a dreadful cold—
don't get satin striped tissue, it frays shock-
ingly."

"I dressed, walked to the station, but a
few rods distant, and found myself half an
hour too early. Very soon the clouds lower-
ed and fell in cataracts. Nevertheless, I stub-
bornly adhered to my determination, the
more stubbornly that I knew the girls would
ridicule me without mercy if I returned. But
I looked at my dress, and thought of my
bonnet, and was thankful that the old brown
veil I found crumpled in my pocket would
protect it. My mantilla was of watered silk,
handsomely trimmed, and I remembered a
lady told me that water would spot it. How
foolish I had been to wear it.

"Well, Eunice, what do you suppose I did?
I turned it wrong side outward! It was
lined with the usual black muslin from which
the gloss had disappeared in spots. I was
the only occupant of the ladies' saloon, and
enjoyed the full benefit of an eight-by-ten
looking-glass. I glanced in it, and seeing
what a ludicrous figure my old veil and rusty
outer garment made in contrast with my fine
cashmere traveling dress with its richly trim-
med basque, the idea of going to the city
thoroughly disguised at once presented itself.
The skirt of my dress was separate from the
body, and I had lined it for comfort in win-
ter with an old gingham dress clean and
whole, but I must confess sadly faded. Well
I turned this wrong side outward, also."

"You don't mean you went to the city in
that manner?" said Eunice.

"I did, and enjoyed it, too, convinced that
I was doing a sensible thing. But you shall
hear. Scarcely was my odd toilet completed,
when the whistle sounded and drawing the
thick veil tightly over my face, I made my
way to the nearest car. And now commen-
ced the development. The handsome and
gentlemanly conductor nearly knocked me
over in the door-way, in his willingness to pi-
ioneer a lady in blue green silk with four
flounces, a satchel, a hat-box, a parasol, and
a lap-dog, safely out upon the platform. Re-
turning, while I stood gazing at the rows of
hats and boots, none of which moved to re-
linquish a seat in my behalf, the model con-
ductor pointed to an uncomfortable corner
seat, between a black woman with a baby,
and a white woman and two babies. Of
course I accepted it, and the cunning pranks
of the little African made my seat endurable.

"Well I reached the city, and made my
way to Weaver's fashionable store. The
skies were weeping briskly, and I carrying a
blue cotton umbrella, probably did not call
up golden visions to the eyes of the young
gentlemen clerks who lounged upon the coun-
ter, or sat with feet elevated. When I in-
quired for 'silks, tissues, grenadiers, and fine
summer dress goods,' there was one undiv-
ided stare.

"It would take too much time to tell how
some stranger silks, and half cotton bareges
were first produced, and how I eventually
convinced them that I understood their prop-
erty quality. Suffice to say, I purchased noth-

ing there, though tempting articles were fi-
nally displayed before me, but suited myself
at less pretentious stores.

"Next, to Mrs. Lasalle's I went, whose
anathemas upon me for detecting the cotton
laces presented me for linen, I will not repeat,
but must say they were delivered in a very
uncountess-like rage, though in excellent
French.

"I did not try the shoe store that day, but
in passing Dr. R's. office, something prompt-
ed me to enter. I had been amused, and
not the least disappointed by my afternoon's
experiences, but now a little anxiety mingled
with much curiosity. I bethought me of a
nervous toothache that had robbed me of
sleep for a portion of several nights, and
which I had sedulously concealed from the
family, chiefly because Aunt Lucy's infallible
remedy in such cases was whiskey and gin-
ger, boiling hot, a remedy to me infinitely
worse than the disease. Perhaps Dr. R. could
name nothing less objectionable.

"I rang gently and was admitted. The
doctor, who was talking and smoking with a
dashing young man, glanced at my dress as I
entered, and without further notice went on
with the conversation. Finally I instituted
a slight cough, and he turned towards me
with—

"Well, old lady, what is the matter with
you?"

"I inquired in a suffering voice, the best
cure for an aching tooth."

"Crooked iron, marm, applied cold, is the
best thing, and animal magnetism is the next
best. Ever try it, hey?" and the man of
science winked and grinned to his companion,
who in turn ejected a quid of tobacco from
his mouth, quite near my poor gingham skirt,
and laughed immoderately. In two seconds
I was in the street, and on my way to the
depot, questioning within myself whether
there are such qualities yet remaining in our
world as upbought honesty and kindness.—
My doubts were to be removed. The train
stood at the depot as I came in sight, and I
hurried my steps lest it should depart with-
out me.

"I managed to gain a seat, but had no
time to purchase a ticket, and when the con-
ductor came I felt for my portmonaie to pay
the necessary fare. It was gone. An ex-
ploration of my pocket to its lowest depths
availed nothing, and I was in a dilemma. I
explained the matter to him, assuring him I
would leave the cars at the next station, and
would there borrow the amount. He left me
muttering his suspicions that the story was a
lie, and went his rounds.

"Soon after some one touched my elbow,
and on looking round, I was greeted by a
lank, ragged, uncombed Irishman, who smil-
ed and held something toward me. It was
my port monaie.

"Faith and havn't I been searchin' the
cars for ye this blessed while," said he, "sure
it was meself that saw ye take yer handker-
chiefs from yer pocket, and send this ere thing
a spinning upon the paving-stones. An' ye
didn't see Pat Corgan after ye—faith if I
hadvn't been coming the same road, a precious
hunt ye might have had for it." Bless the
untutored, uncorrupted Irish heart!

"And now I was at O—station, and the
sun, though low in the west, was shining
brilliantly. I went directly to the ladies' room
and in five minutes emerged therefrom a
well dressed lady, with an uncovered bonnet
of the latest importation. As the conductor
crossed the platform to give moving orders,
I stepped up and tendered my fare, saying
my purse had been found and returned to me.
You have a vivid imagination, Eunice, if you
can picture the countenance of that gentle-
man."

"Did you relate your adventures to the
young ladies?" said Eunice.

"No, indeed; when the goods came they
were delighted with them, affirming that
"this silk came from the Weaver's, no other
merchant had anything like it; and this lace
from Mrs. Lasalle's, they remembered seeing
it there!" I kept my own counsel and now
Eunice what do you think of it all?"

"I think the wisdom you purchased was
cheap enough, at all events. Yet there is
one other place to which I wish you had
gone."

"And where is that?"

"To church," said Eunice.

COL. FREMONT.—The Albany Statesman
says Col. Fremont has acted like a very sen-
sible man since his recent political defeat.—
He has to all appearance, dismissed the affair
from his mind, and has sat quietly down to
earn a literary reputation by writing a record
of his "Exploring Expeditions." The work
is nearly complete, and will be published by
Childs & Peterson, of Philadelphia. The
book will be gotten up in fine style, illustrat-
ed by the same artists who were engaged on
Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations," and will
form a fit companion to that admirable work.

Silence is an antidote against a slanderous
tongue.

Hannah More said to Horace Walpole, "If
I wanted to punish any enemy it should be by
fastening on him the trouble of constantly hat-
ing somebody."

A YARN ABOUT GUANO.—Although some
people may be inclined to doubt the truth of
the following yarn, we can bring forward any
quantity of vouchers. An old salt of our ac-
quaintance says that when he was in the guano
trade he sailed in a brig which might have
been a tender to Noah's ark. On a return trip
with a load of guano, the hatches were left
open one night, and a tremendous shower wet
the guano in the hold and produced the most
surprising effect. The timbers of the vessel
grew and sprouted in all directions. Between
decks was a complete bower. The fore-castle
became an almost impenetrable thicket, and
the cabin a beautiful arbor. The rudder-post
being made of white oak, grew up into a "live
oak" tree, which afforded a grateful shade to
the man at the helm, though he was some-
times annoyed by the acorns rattling upon his
tarpaulin hat. The masts became very impos-
ing with their evergreen foliage, and strange
to relate, the foretopmast which had been car-
ried away in a gale grew out again, and the
altitude of all the masts was so much increas-
ed as to render the brig extremely crank.

The vessel had boughs on her stern, and
the figure-head (speaking figuratively) was as
full of bows as a dancing master. They were
obliged to prune the bowsprit and some of
the other spars twice a week. The quarter
deck was covered with shrubbery, and the
cook's caboose resembled a rustic summer
house.

Crab apples grew on the pump handle, and
a cherry table in the cabin bore fruit. Per-
haps the most remarkable circumstance occa-
sioned by the stimulating and fertilizing power
of the guano, was that the cockroaches on
board became so large that they could get up
the anchor and make sail on the brig. One of the
owners of the craft facetiously remarked that
she went out a full rigged brig and came back
half bark. There is nothing like guano to
make things grow, and for strict truth and
veracity give us an old sailor when he lays
himself out on a big yarn. [Boston Herald.]

A gentleman once asked the celebrated
Dr. Abernethy if he thought the moderate
use of snuff would injure the brain. "No,
sir," was Abernethy's reply; "for no man
with a single ounce of brain would ever think
of taking snuff."

"Well, neighbor, what's the most Chris-
tian news this morning?" said a gentleman to
his friend. "I have just bought a barrel of
flour for a poor woman." "Just like you!—
Who is it, that you have made happy by
your charity this time?" "My wife!"

An aged bachelor being asked if he had
ever witnessed a public execution, replied:
"No; but I once saw a marriage."

There was a man so intensely polite, that,
as he passed a hen on her nest, he said, "Don't
rise, ma'am."

What is more beautiful and poetical than
the child's idea of ice, "Water gone to
sleep."

The Prussians have a wise maxim, that
whatever you would have appear in a nation's
life, you must put in its schools.

A woman cowhided a schoolmaster named
William Martin, at Greenburgh Pa, last week
for brutally beating her son with a knotted
club.

Don't stretch your legs beyond your carpet.

What land would be a delightful place for
babies? Lap-land.

Never expect to go the throne of grace with-
out heaving some stumbling block thrown in
your way; Satan hates prayer, and always
tries to hinder it.

You add tenfold to the weight of your trou-
bles by impatience: "Be still, and know that
I am God."

All the blessings of the gospel are for "who-
soever will;" are you willing? they are for
you: believe this, and what becomes of all your
doubts and fears?

Somebody says there is a decided difference
between perseverance and obstinacy. One is a
strong will, and the other is a strong won't.

We expend more time, trouble and expense
in conciliating a man we fear than in obliging
one we love.

SOVEREIGNTY.—Man raises many objec-
tions to God's sovereignty, but the great cause
of all is he wants to be sovereign himself.

The arms of a pretty girl, wound tight
around your neck, has been discovered to be
an infallible remedy in case of sore throat.
It beats pepper all out hollow,

A far-seeing tee-totaler, being asked the
meaning of syntax, wittily replied "the tax
one has to pay for getting drunk."

"Kallochs" is now the name for whiskey
toddlies throughout all New England.

Always act as if you thought God was pres-
ent, and that you must give an account to
him.

Some men live as if they were poor all their
lives, to be wealthy when they die.